TV COMIC

Inside: SPACE PATROL in full colour

6D

Every Monday | Week Ending 22nd May, 1965 | Number 701

POPEYE
I'LL SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, OLIVE!
KNOCK KNOCK
SOMEBODY'S PLAYING TRICKS —THERE'S NOBODY HERE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'THERE'S NOBODY THERE'? —I'M HERE!
BLOW ME DOWN, WHO ARE YOU?
I'M JIB BOOM—THE SMALLEST GIANT IN THE WORLD—AND I'VE COME TO CHALLENGE YOU FOR THE TITLE OF STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
HEE HEE
HAW HAW
HO HO
STAND AND FIGHT, YOU COWARDLY ONE-EYED SAILORMAN!
WHACK
BLOW ME DOWN, WHAT A GOOD PUNCH YOU HAVE! BUT I CAN'T FIGHT A LITTLE GUY LIKE YOU!
ME A LITTLE GUY?
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!
COO! POPEYE RUNNING AWAY!
POOF! WHAT A COWARD YOU ARE SIR, RUNNING AWAY FROM A LITTLE GUY LIKE THAT!
GEE! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING BEFORE I GET EVERYBODY LAUGHING AT ME!
ARF! ARF! HE'S TOO SMALL TO HAVE A RIGHT HOOK, SO I'LL MAKE DO WITH A CLOTHES HOOK!
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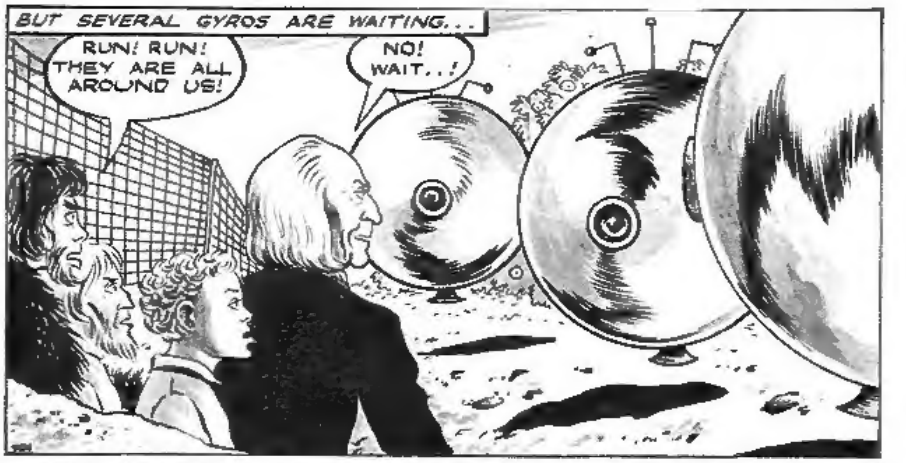
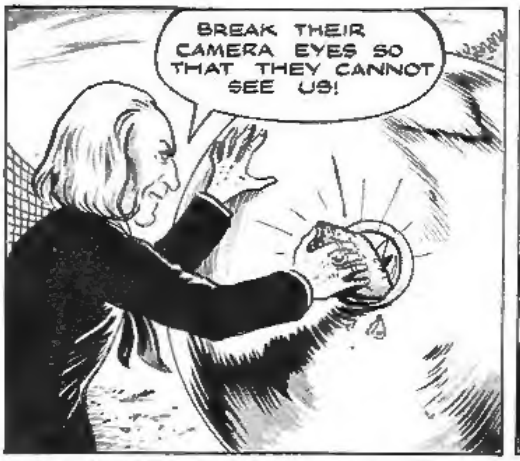
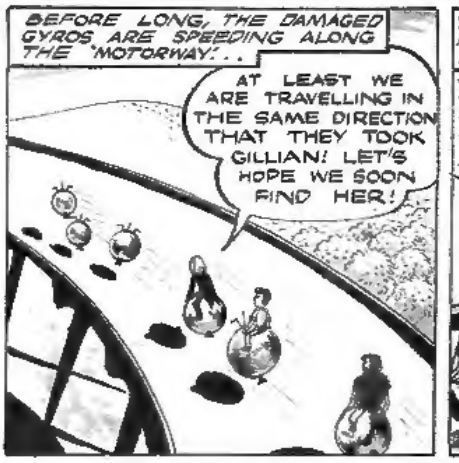
DOCTOR WHO

The *Tardis* has brought Doctor Who, John and Gillian to the planet of the Gyros, a world ruled by robots which compel the men to live in the barren deserts. The Gyros capture Gillian and with the help of the ill-looking men of the planet, Doctor Who and John enter the forbidden, fertile lands of the Gyros . . .

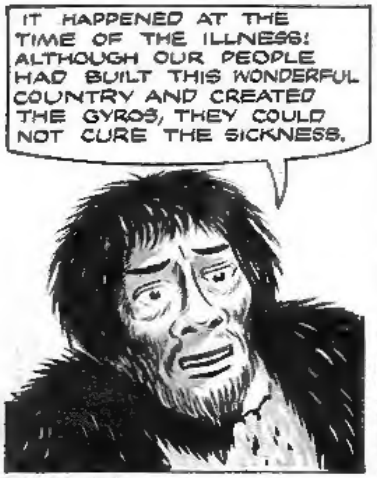


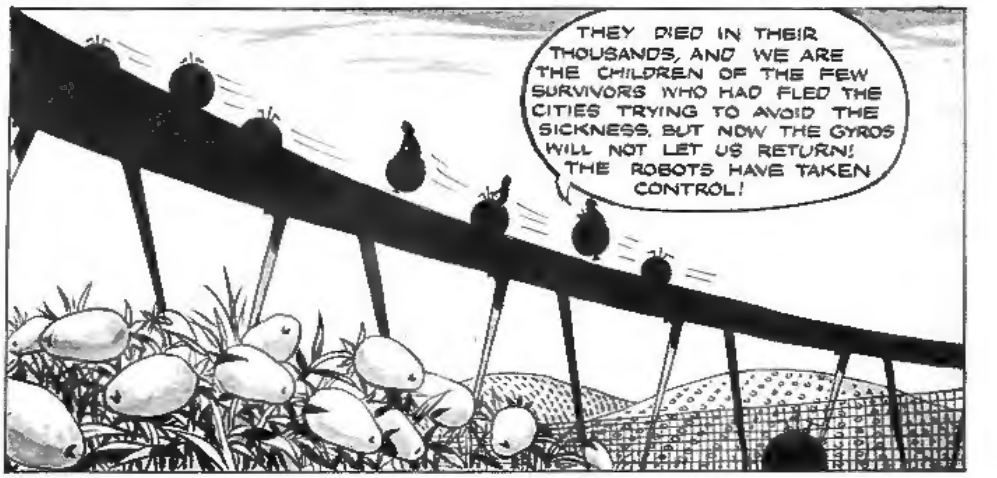


JOHN AND ONE OF THE MEN EAGERLY FOLLOW THE DOCTOR'S EXAMPLE...
QUICKLY, BOY! JUMP ON TOP OF ONE! THEY MAY LEAD US TO YOUR SISTER!
WE'VE BEATEN THEM, GRANDFATHER! THEY'RE GOING AWAY!


BEFORE LONG, THE DAMAGED GYROS ARE SPEEDING ALONG THE 'MOTORWAY'...
AT LEAST WE ARE TRAVELLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION THAT THEY TOOK GILLIAN! LET'S HOPE WE SOON FIND HER!

THE TRAVELLERS ARE CARRIED PAST FIELDS OF SWAYING CROPS, HEAVY WITH MANY FRUITS...
YEARS AGO, ALL THESE FIELDS AND THIS ROAD BELONGED TO OUR FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS.
THEN HOW DID YOU COME TO LOSE THEM?


IT HAPPENED AT THE TIME OF THE ILLNESS! ALTHOUGH OUR PEOPLE HAD BUILT THIS WONDERFUL COUNTRY AND CREATED THE GYROS, THEY COULD NOT CURE THE SICKNESS.


THEY DIED IN THEIR THOUSANDS, AND WE ARE THE CHILDREN OF THE FEW SURVIVORS WHO HAD FLED THE CITIES TRYING TO AVOID THE SICKNESS. BUT NOW THE GYROS WILL NOT LET US RETURN! THE ROBOTS HAVE TAKEN CONTROL!

© BBC tv 1965

BUT YOU STILL LOOK ILL!
YES, WE ALL DO, BUT FORTUNATELY WE DO NOT DIE FROM OUR SICKNESS NOW!
HERE IS THE CITY!
THE DAMAGED ROBOTS RUSH THROUGH THE CITY STREETS, AVOIDING MANY CRASHES ONLY BECAUSE THE SIGHTED GYROS SWERVED OUT OF THEIR WAY...
THEY'RE GOING INTO THE ROBOT REPAIR SHOPS!
THEN THIS IS WHERE WE END OUR RIDE!
LET'S HIDE IN HERE OUT OF SIGHT FOR A WHILE, UNTIL WE CAN FORM A PLAN FOR FINDING GILLIAN!
THIS IS A FOOD DEPOT.
THEN WHATEVER HAPPENS TO IT ALL? SURELY THE ROBOT GYROS DON'T EAT IT!
PERHAPS THE RATS DO!
SUDDENLY THE SWEEPING-GYRO SEES THE RATS...
IT'S DESTROYED THEM!
THAT IS PROBABLY IT'S JOB...TO DESTROY ANYTHING COMING IN HERE THAT MIGHT DAMAGE THE FOOD!
AND NOW IT HAS SEEN US! IT WILL KILL US TOO!
NEVILLE ADAMS

More thrills with Dr. Who next week.

FOO FOO and GOGO

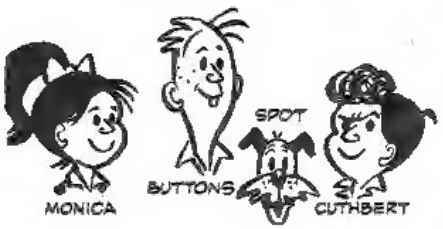
by Halas and Batchelor

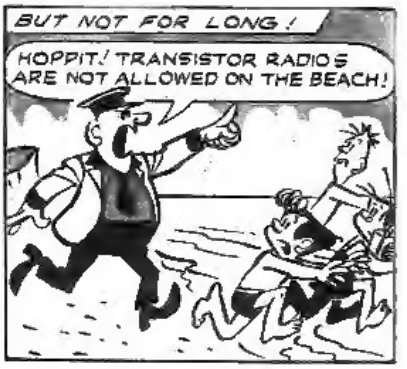
I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR BIRDS' EGGS TODAY!
OH, ARE YOU? IT'S A PITY YOU CAN'T HELP ME FINISH PAINTING THE HOUSE!
SOON...
THERE HE GOES, STALKING ABOUT AGAIN! LOOKING FOR SKY LARKS' EGGS I EXPECT! HUH!
PAINT
SPLISH! SPLOSH!
AHA! WHAT DO I SEE HERE?
SAY, LOOK AT THIS! I'VE FOUND A VERY RARE RED SPOTTED EGG - A BIG ONE TOO!
?
WHY DON'T WE TAKE IT TO THE EXPERTS IN LONDON? THEY'LL BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY IT!
BOY! JUST THINK HOW FAMOUS I WILL BE...
NEXT DAY, IN LONDON.
THAT'S THE PLACE! LET'S GO INSIDE RIGHT AWAY!
NATIONAL SOCIETY OF ORNITHOLOGY.
AMAZING! A RED-SPOTTED EGG! TAKE A SEAT WHILE I HAVE IT ANALYSED BY MY TEAM OF EXPERTS!
LAB
LATER...
HOW DARE YOU WASTE OUR TIME! THIS IS ONLY A CHICKEN'S EGG WITH RED PAINT SPLASHES ON IT!
GRR! YOU AND YOUR HOUSE PAINTING!
HOW WAS I TO KNOW A FEW DRIPS OF PAINT HAD DROPPED ON IT?

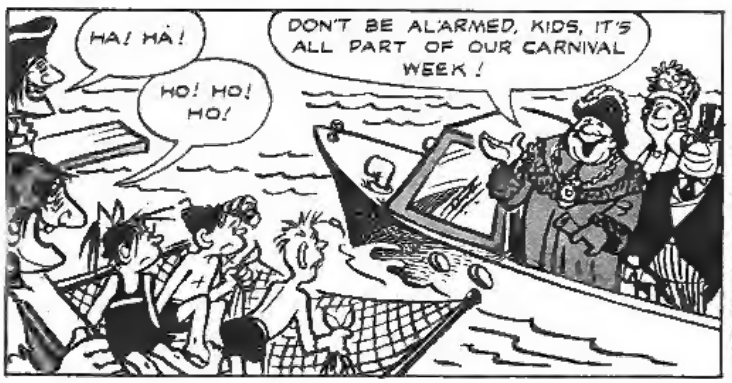
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

More fun with Foo Foo and Gogo in next week's TV COMIC.

TV TERRORS



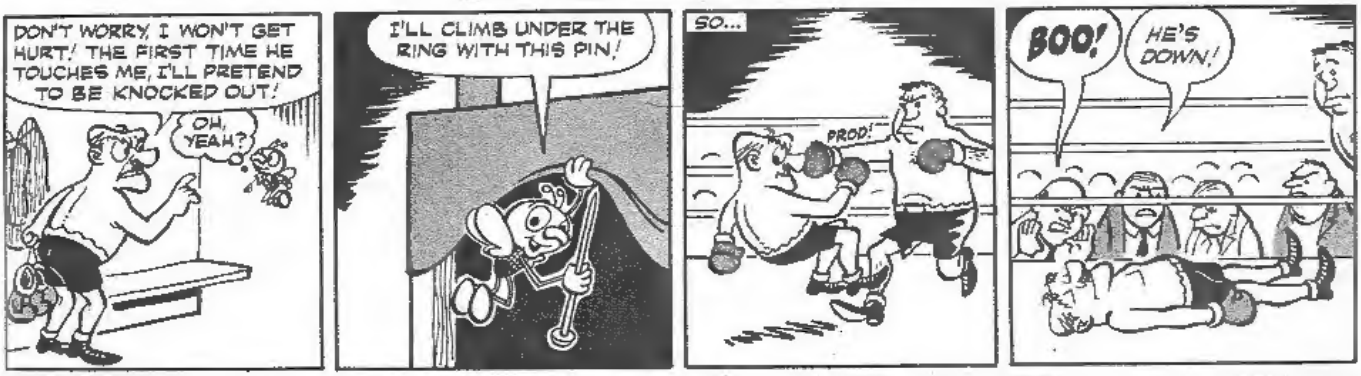


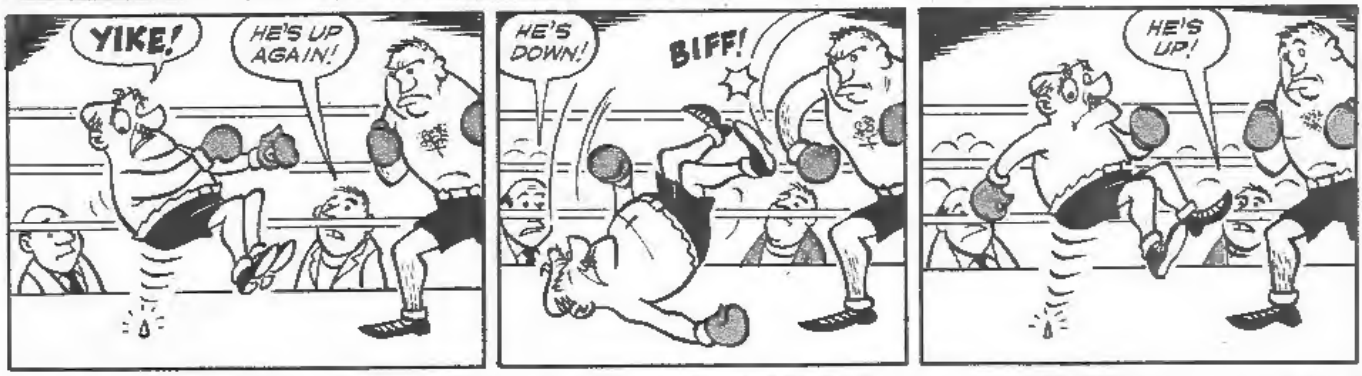


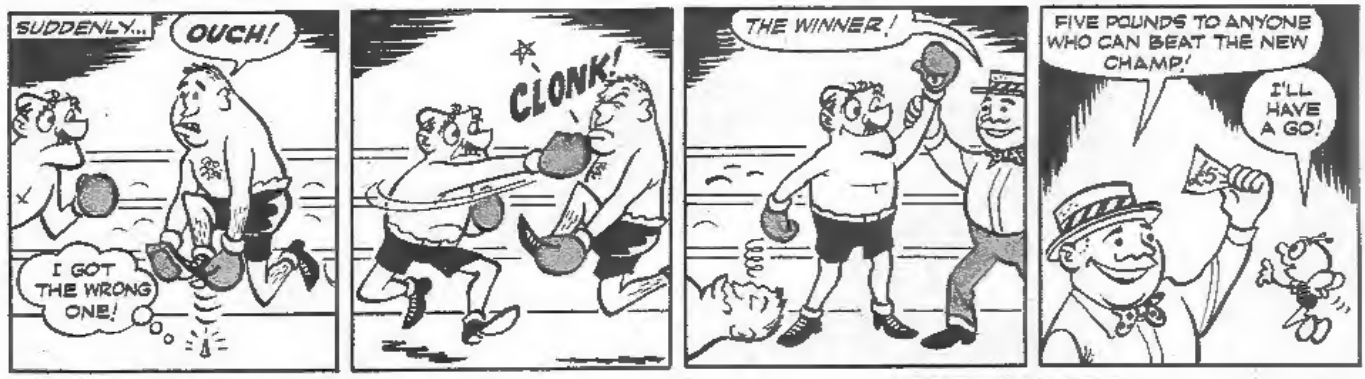
Next week, Hoppit gives chase and wins a race!

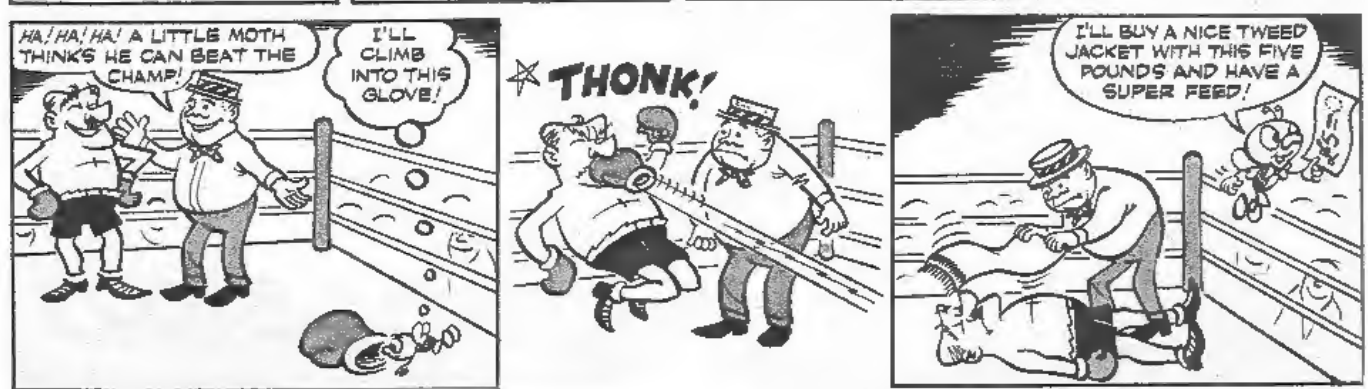
MIGHTY MOTH

FIVE POUNDS TO ANYONE WHO CAN KNOCK-OUT THE CHAMP!
STOP FOLLOWING ME, YOU PEST!
ADMISSION 2/-
AH! HERE'S A SPORTIN' GENT! THE ONE WITH HIS HAND UP! FOLLOW ME TO THE DRESSING ROOM, SIR!
ADMISSION 2/-
BUT... BUT...!


DON'T WORRY, I WON'T GET HURT! THE FIRST TIME HE TOUCHES ME, I'LL PRETEND TO BE KNOCKED OUT!
OH, YEAH?
I'LL CLIMB UNDER THE RING WITH THIS PIN!
SO...
PROD!
BOO!
HE'S DOWN!

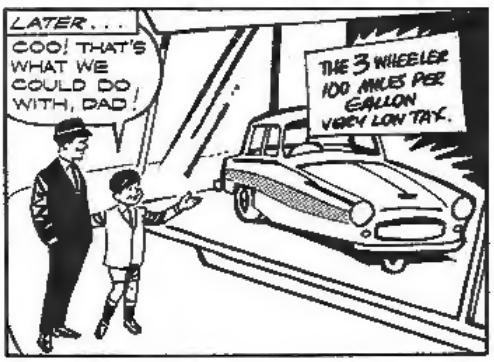





HA! HA! HA! A LITTLE MOTH THINKS HE CAN BEAT THE CHAMP!
I'LL CLIMB INTO THIS GLOVE!
THONK!
I'LL BUY A NICE TWEED JACKET WITH THIS FIVE POUNDS AND HAVE A SUPER FEED!

Next week, Dad gets sorted out at the sorting office.

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY



Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Next week, Dickie finds tennis is a menace.

THE CREW OF GALASPHERE 347 STAND IN COLONEL RAEBURN'S OFFICE...
THIS IS A TOUGH ONE, LARRY! IT'S CALLED 'PLANET FLORA' BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFUL PLANT LIFE THAT GROWS THERE. WE THOUGHT IT WAS A GOOD PLANET...
...UNTIL TWO SPACESHIPS LANDED THERE — AND VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE!
SO IT IS THAT GALASPHERE 347 IS SENT TO 'PLANET FLORA'...
SPACE PATROL
by Roberta Leigh
DART LANDS GALASPHERE
NOTHING HERE BUT PLANTS AND THEY SEEM HARMLESS ENOUGH, CAPTAIN.
THERE ARE PLENTY OF PLANTS, AND ALL SORTS TOO... IT'S JUST LIKE A GARDEN!
THEN IF IT'S A GARDEN, KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT, FOR WHOEVER TENDS IT, I'VE A FEELING THAT WE'RE BEING WATCHED.
HE'S GONE! WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH ALL THESE PATHS ONE BY ONE TO SEE WHERE THEY LEAD!
THEN I'LL MARK THIS TREE SO THAT WE'LL KNOW WE EXPLORED THIS LANE FIRST.
BUT AS CAPTAIN DART LEADS THE WAY, SLIM FEELS A SUDDEN PRESSURE ON HIS ARM...

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GALASPHERE 347 IS
T FLORA...
CAPTAIN LARRY DART AND HIS CREW EMERGE FROM THE LONG-HAUL FREEZERS AND LOOK INTO THEIR VIDEOS...
IT CERTAINLY LOOKS A PEACEFUL WORLD!
AND THERE ARE THE SHIPS DESERTED BY THE TWO PREVIOUS EXPEDITIONS!
DART LANDS GALASPHERE 347 BESIDE THE EMPTY SPACESHIPS...
WHEN WE GO OUTSIDE, KEEP ALERT, MEN!
'S
EEP A SHARP
WHOEVER
A FEELING
NG WATCHED.
INDEED WE ARE, CAPTAIN... AND THERE GOES ONE O' THE WEE FOLK THEMSELVES!
THE MEN GALLOP AFTER THE NIMBLE BROWN FLORAN!
THE WAY, SLIM FEELS
IS ARM...
EH? WHAT'S THAT?
A SECOND LATER, SLIM IS DRAGGED INTO THE DARK SHADOWS OF PLANET FLORA!
MEVIN

How can Slim escape? See next week's TV COMIC

PICK OF THE JOKES

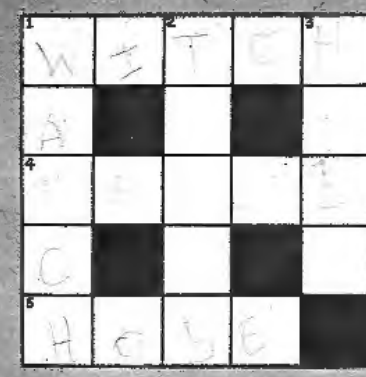
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Colin Clark, Hull, Yorkshire.

Michael Cotterill, Stoke-on-Trent.

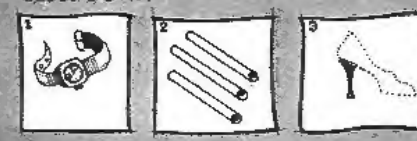
Alan Scott, Castle Douglas, Kirkcudbrightshire.

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

CLUES DOWN



ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

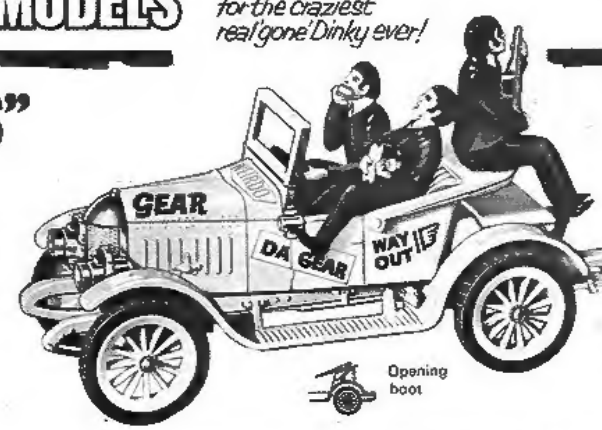
THIS MONTH'S NEW DINKY MODELS

Go, man, go!— for the craziest real gone Dinky ever!

THE BULL-NOSED MORRIS "DINKY BEATS"

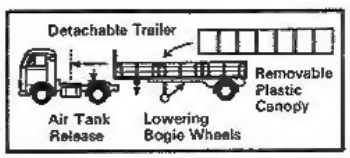
Go with this fab group—complete with instruments —for a really swinging time out in their famous vintage car ● Lots of fun for real 'gone' collectors ● Opening boot ● "Brass" radiator, lamps, windscreen frame and spoked wheels

Length: 3⅛"
MODEL NO: 486
U.K. Price **9/11**

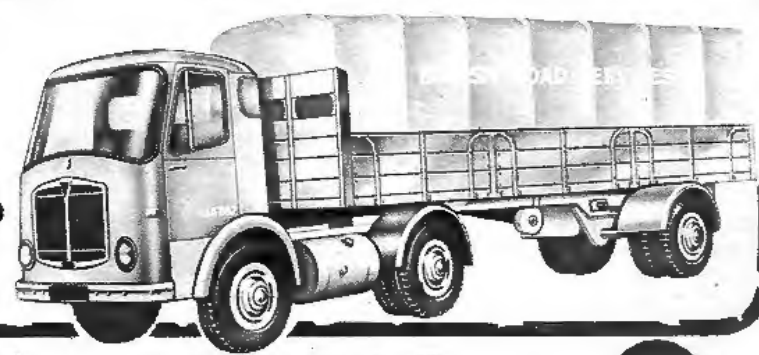


AND THE MAGNIFICENT A.E.C. ARTICULATED LORRY

Six-wheeler Cab with steering wheel, seats and windows ● 'Hi-Lite' headlamps ● Detachable trailer with lowering bogie wheels that can be folded up ● Drop-down Tailboard ● Removable plastic canopy ● Air tank is a release catch for trailer coupling



Length: 8¼"
MODEL NO: 914
U.K. Price **17/9**



Always something new from **DINKY TOYS**®

Precision-engineered by Meccano Limited

BEETLE BAILEY

G...GOSH, THAT GHOST STORY WAS CREEPY. I SUPPOSE I'D B...BETTER GET TO B. BED!
GHOSTS
BUT...
I DON'T LIKE BEING HERE ON MY OWN! I THINK I'LL SEE IF ANY OF THE MEN ARE STILL UP.
SAY, BOYS, HOW ABOUT A GAME OF CARDS BEFORE YOU TURN IN?
OH, NO, SARGE, IT'S TOO LATE.
NONSENSE, JUST ONE QUICK GAME!
THERE, I'VE WON! NOW ANOTHER GAME!
NO, SARGE! IT'S PAST 11·30!
OH, ALL RIGHT! 'NIGHT BOYS!
'NIGHT SARGE!
LATER...
WHATSAT?
CREAK
WHO'S TH...THERE? ANYB...BODY THERE?
KNOCK
KNOCK
HEY, (GULP!) CHAPS, MAKE ROOM FOR MY BED. I THINK I'LL SLEEP IN HERE TONIGHT!
CLICK
SORRY, SARGE, ARMY REGULATION 193 PART B READS 'SERGEANTS WILL NOT SLEEP IN THE SAME QUARTERS AS PRIVATES.'
TRUST BAILEY TO FIND A WAY OF KEEPING ME OUT!
IT'S N.. NO USE! I'M TOO S...SCARED TO SLEEP ON MY OWN. BUT I HAVE AN IDEA!
SO...
OKAY, MEN, GET OUT OF YOUR BEDS.
CLICK
HUH?
SARGE IS RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING IN THE RULE BOOK TO STOP PRIVATES SLEEPING IN THE SERGEANT'S ROOM!
PEACE
ZZZ

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Beetle saves eight of Pussy's nine lives next week.

A super new idea from Anglo...

Here's something completely new! Anglo Snips. Super fruit flavoured chewing gum sweets for only 3d. a packet. Lots of gay colourful sweets—the sweets with a *difference!*

Snips have smashing chewing gum centres . . . in a delicious fruity sugar coating. Every little sweet has a big fruity chew.

Get new ANGLO SNIPS CHEWING GUM

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XIA8

"THE BEST BADGE I'VE GOT!"

"This is my Blue Bird badge. It means I belong to the League of Pity. I sent off 2/6d., and got this badge, and the League magazine, and a Blue Egg Saving Box—to save as much money as I can for boys and girls who aren't as happy as me! Why don't you join, too?"

To N.S.P.C.C. 1 RIDING HOUSE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Please enrol me as a member. I enclose 2/6d postal order

Name .....

Address .....

TVC

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3 NEW CORGI MODELS

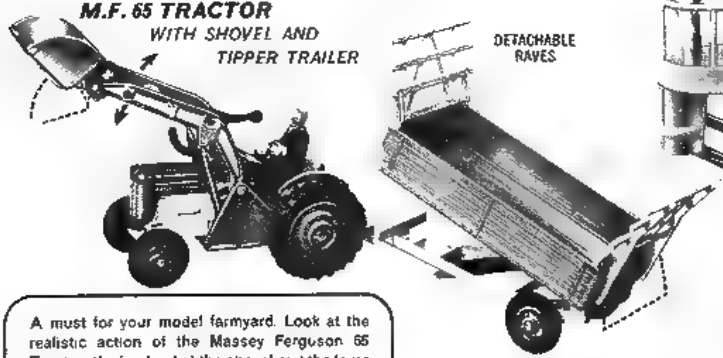
Bring your collection bang up to date!

FORD MUSTANG FASTBACK COUPE

It's sleek. It's handsome. It's an *exact* model of the famous American original! Hurry to your toyshop, see it for yourself! See the realistic tilting seats. The opening doors with windows. The plated bumpers. The jewelled headlights. The detailed interior—even a Corgi dog on the back seat. See how smoothly it runs on its Golomatic spring suspension! This one's a *must* for your collection!

Length 3¾ ins. No. 320 Price **6/9d**

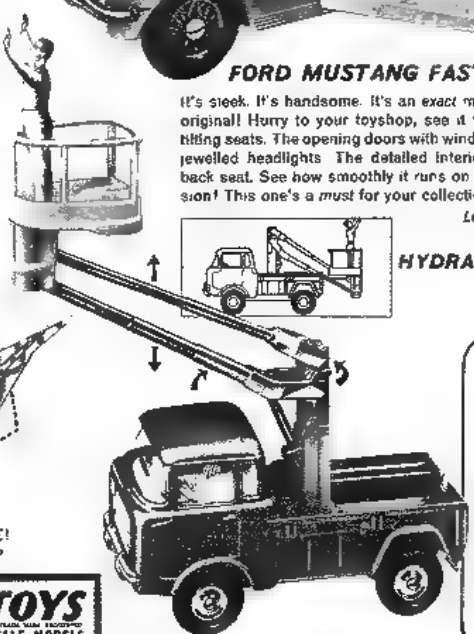
GIFT SET NO. 32
M.F. 65 TRACTOR
WITH SHOVEL AND TIPPER TRAILER



A must for your model farmyard. Look at the realistic action of the Massey Ferguson 65 Tractor. Having loaded the shovel pull the lever on the right—the shovel rises high in the air! Press the lever on the left—and the shovel empties its load. There's, the Farm Tipper Trailer, too, with detachable raves and opening rear flap! And, of course, for the final touch of realism, there's a lifelike driver.

Overall Length 9 ins. Price **11/9d.**

HYDRAULIC TOWER WAGON
ON FORWARD CONTROL JEEP FC-150



The wagon by itself is superb. It's got suspension. A spare wheel. Moulded seats. A steering wheel. But then, take a look at the hydraulic tower! It swivels round on a platform *and* moves up and down, holding firm in any position. A moulded figure is included.

Overall height 6 ins. Length 3¾ ins. No. 478 Price **7/11d.**

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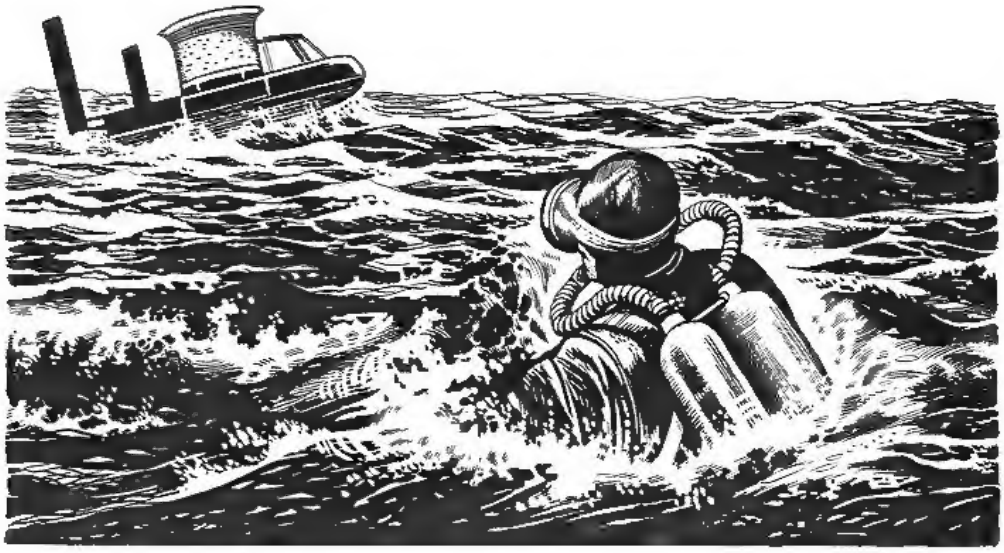
PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS



ORLANDO

THE engine was smashed—no doubt about that; and the yacht *Esmeralda* was at the mercy of the seas. She rolled heavily in the rising gale.

Orlando ran from the engine-room skylight to the wheelhouse, where he was met by Sandy and Jim.

"We're adrift, boys!" he gulped. "An' it's a dirty night that's coming. Bad luck to the crook that cut me hovercraft adrift!"

Orlando was talking about Mike, the leader of the smuggling gang that had tried to seize the yacht. Thanks mainly to Orlando, the crooks had been defeated, but they had played a dirty trick at the last moment. It was a trick they might be sorry for, for a ship the size of the *Esmeralda* was useless without its engine.

Orlando gazed anxiously seawards. Away in the distance, his hovercraft drifted aimlessly. It was the only object in sight, for already the yacht was out of sight of the coast.

Out of sight of the coast, but not out of sight of all land. To starboard, a reef of rocks showed black against the white foam. Orlando stared at them.

"If ye see what I see," he said, "ye see something unpleasant."

"What is it?" exclaimed Sandy.

"'Tis not the rocks, bejabers, for they're harmless things unless ye hit them. 'Tis the wind, me bhoy, which is blowing us directly on to them. And I'm thinkin' the sea's too deep hereabouts for anchoring."

Orlando was right. The yacht had drifted out of the bay, and the sea-bed had dropped to a hundred fathoms. Unless some means of steering her could be found, the *Esmeralda* was doomed to destruction.

But she carried no sails. She was—or had been—a fully powered vessel, relying on her big, slow-turning diesel engine. The crooks had made sure that the diesel would not turn again without major repairs.

Orlando scratched his head. A thought occurred to him, and he made his way back to the engine-room skylight.

"Below, there!" he bellowed, hammering with his fist on the glass, and Bill and Snitchy turned white faces upward. "Ye're far too clever, me bhoys," he told them. "Ye've fixed us proper-like. Ye'd better unlock the door an' come out quietly, otherwise ye'll be due for Davy Jones's Locker."

Bill and Snitchy at first refused to believe him. They thought the little Irishman wanted to fight them again. But, presently, when the yacht gave an extra heavy roll, they became alarmed. Cautiously they unbolted the door, holding their hands up as they came out. Orlando was waiting for them, but not with any idea of attacking them.

"Now, ye see how clever ye've been!" he grinned. "Ye've smashed the engine, an' now we're heading straight for the rocks!"

There was no fight left in the crooks. At this news, they became paler still, and Orlando simply turned his back on them.

He went on deck and collected Mike's gun. Then, giving this to Jim, he told the young man to watch the crooks. Bill and Snitchy cowered at the back to the wheelhouse. Their leader, Mike, was still bound and lying on the floor, and they gave him some very sour glances.

The yacht was now rolling badly. The black rocks were less than a mile distant.

Orlando, however, was thinking deeply. He turned to Jim and asked a surprising question.

"Jim, me bhoy, when Uncle Mac hired this yacht for your holiday, did he make any arrangements for skin-diving?"

"He certainly did," said Jim, looking surprised. "We've plenty of underwater swimming gear."

"Praise be," said Orlando, picking up a pair of binoculars.

Through the glasses, after searching carefully, he sighted his hovercraft, now a distant speck to the northward. Orlando replaced the binoculars and demanded to be shown the diving gear.

"'Tis a frail chance," he said, "but I'm a good swimmer. With aqualungs and flippers I might just do it."

Orlando's idea was simple. If he could reach his hovercraft, he could use its powerful engines to tow the yacht. The only question was—could he reach it in time?

Orlando was game to try. Even Mike and Snitchy, scared for their lives, helped him to get into the frogman's suit that Jim produced. The skipper and Uncle Mac had now recovered, and they came to the wheelhouse to help in watching the crooks.

"Good luck, my friend," Uncle Mac said as Orlando fastened on his "kipper-feet".

With a cheerful wave of the hand he climbed over the deck rails and dived—Swoo-o-o-oooosh! He had taken a fast look at the hovercraft to note its position—now he was all alone in the rough sea.

But Orlando had not boasted when he had said he was a good swimmer. Indeed, with the aid of the flippers, he cleaved through the water like a torpedo. From time to time he raised his head to get his position, looking back at the yacht because it was more clearly visible. All he was afraid of was that he would miss the tiny craft he was heading for in the coming darkness.

Uncle Mac and Co. had the crooks now thoroughly in hand. Anna, Sandy's cousin, had been released from the cabin in which the gang had placed her, and all five stood in the wheelhouse watching Orlando's progress.

Sometimes they could not see him at all. He dived through the waves like a porpoise. Captain Blaw was standing by with a rocket gun, but not to signal for help, for they were too far from land. He wanted to help Orlando find the hovercraft.

When ten minutes had passed, he fired a red rocket towards the craft after sighting it through the glasses. The rocket fell hissing into the sea only a few yards short of the target. The skipper fired another, while his companions waited anxiously.

Suddenly, young Sandy gave a cheer. Where the hovercraft had been drifting, there was now a smother of foam, a sure sign that it was moving. Lighter than the yacht, it had drifted faster, but Orlando had reached it before it reached the rocks.

Within a few minutes he came storming up to the *Esmeralda*. Willing hands helped him to make fast a tow-rope, then the airscrew thundered and the tiny hovercraft began to tow the rolling yacht.

It was easy enough to pull her past the rocks, but not so easy to face into the wind and tow her right back to harbour. Nevertheless, in three hours Orlando had done it. Triumphantly he towed the yacht right back to his own boatyard—as near as he could get it owing to her depth—and Cousin Jim dropped the anchor under the skipper's orders.

The crooks were now all safely under lock and key, and it was not long before the harbour police had arrived at Orlando's call. Mike and his gang were taken away by them after matters had been explained, while Orlando was invited on board by Uncle Mac to share in some hot drinks and sandwiches.

"You've not only saved us all, my friend," Uncle Mac said, "but you've saved the ship. And by Golly!—I'll see you get whatever is due for you as salvage money."

MORE ORLANDO NEXT WEEK

PICTURE CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

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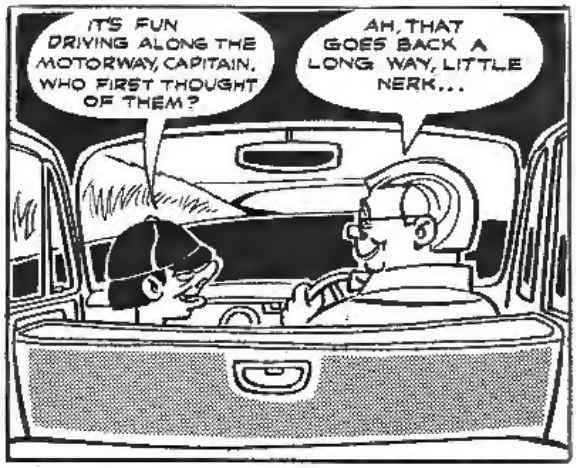
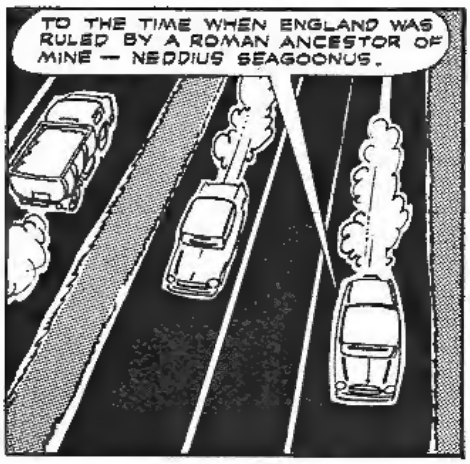
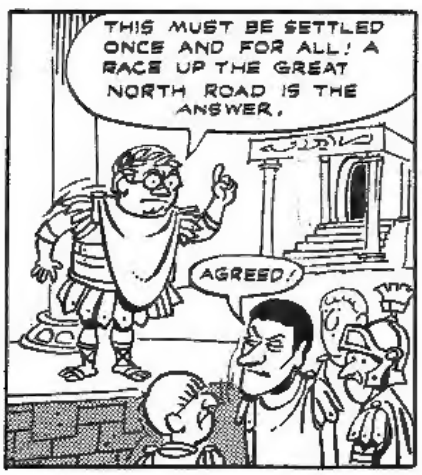
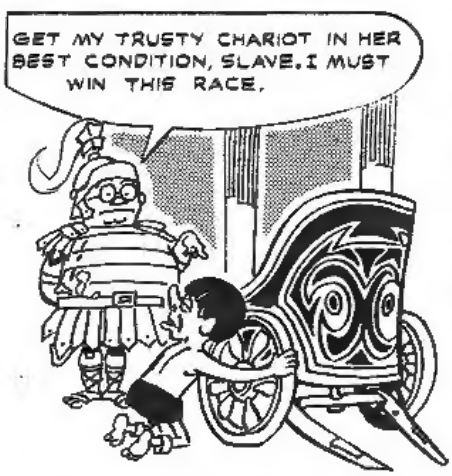
THE TELEGOONS

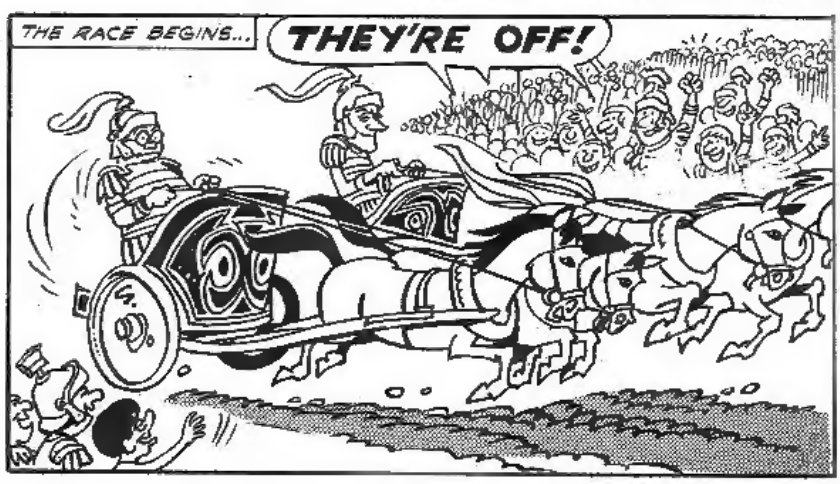
IN ROMAN IN THE GLOAMIN'

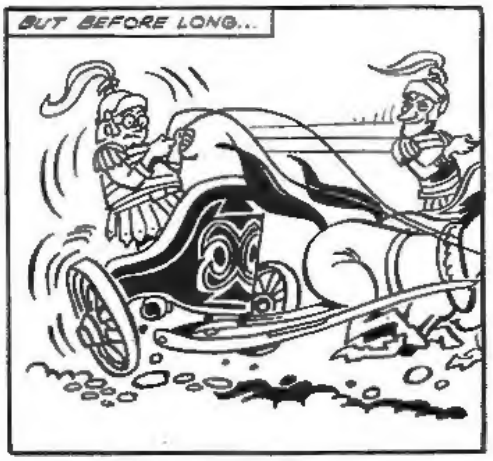


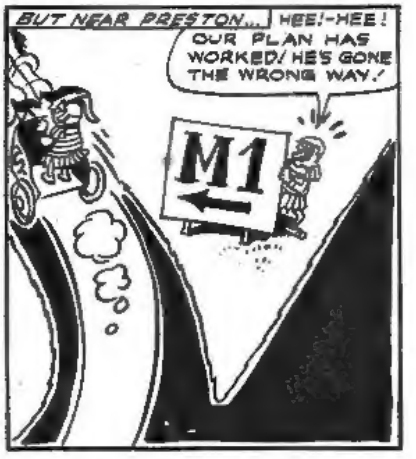








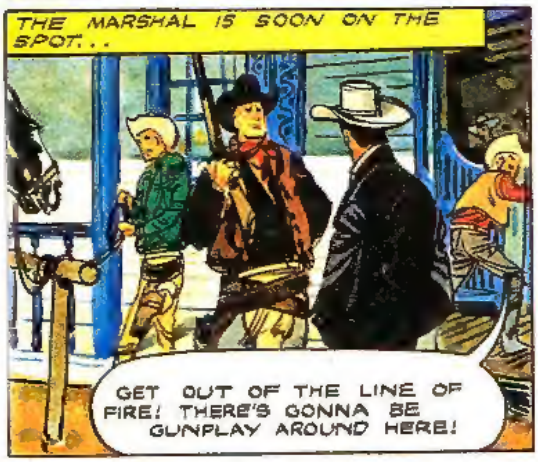


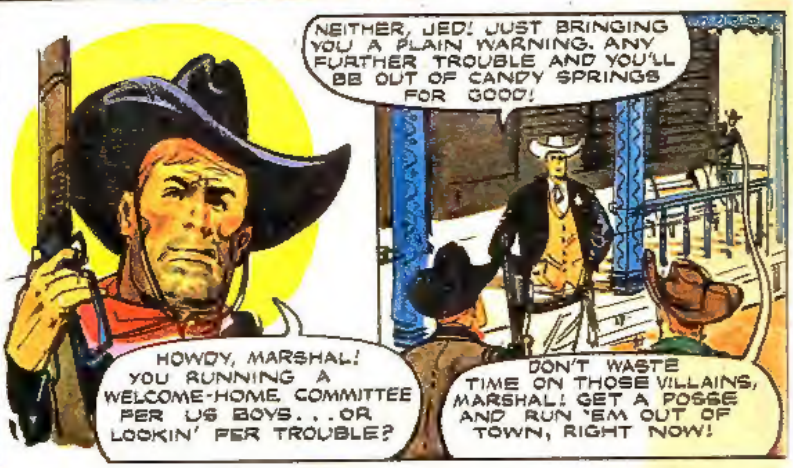


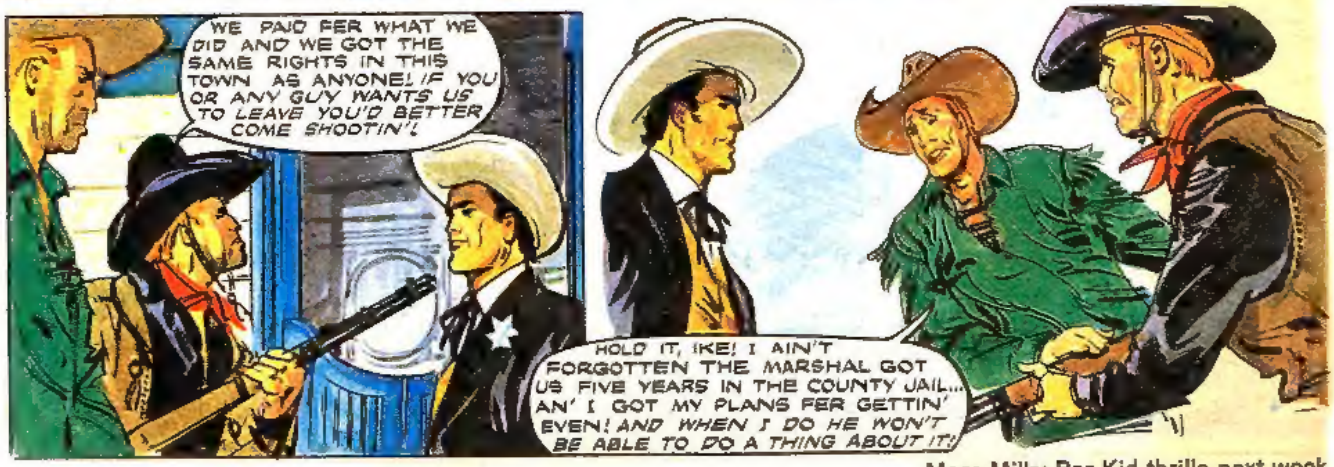
Next week, the Telegoons are under the weather.

The MILKY BAR KID

The Milky Bar Kid and Jane have been learning morse code from the clerk at the Candy Springs Telegraph Office.




NEITHER, JED! JUST BRINGING YOU A PLAIN WARNING. ANY FURTHER TROUBLE AND YOU'LL BE OUT OF CANDY SPRINGS FOR GOOD!
HOWDY, MARSHAL! YOU RUNNING A WELCOME-HOME COMMITTEE PER US BOYS...OR LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE?
DON'T WASTE TIME ON THOSE VILLAINS, MARSHAL! GET A POSSE AND RUN 'EM OUT OF TOWN, RIGHT NOW!


WE PAID FER WHAT WE DID AND WE GOT THE SAME RIGHTS IN THIS TOWN AS ANYONE! IF YOU OR ANY GUY WANTS US TO LEAVE YOU'D BETTER COME SHOOTIN'!
HOLD IT, IKE! I AIN'T FORGOTTEN THE MARSHAL GOT US FIVE YEARS IN THE COUNTY JAIL... AN' I GOT MY PLANS FER GETTIN' EVEN! AND WHEN I DO HE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO A THING ABOUT IT!

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week